

The SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1870.

SYLVIA'S SONG.

BY MARY FERRY.

The days are sweet and long—O! sweet and long;
All day I sit and dream, or sing the song
That some one sang for me one summer-day.—
For me, to me, before he went his way.

The days are sweet and long—O! sweet and long;
And in the sun I sit, and sing my song:
Some day he will come back who went away,
And sing the song I sing from day to day.

The days are long, but sweet—O! long, but sweet;
Some day will hear the music of his feet
Who sang for me, and sang my heart away,
My happy heart—before he went his way.

Some day—to-day, perhaps—he'll come to me;
And then the days, so long, but sweet to me,
Will lose the burden of "so long, so long!"
And only keep the sweet of all the song.
—Old and New.

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RAQUEL HOLMES," ETC.

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CHAPTER XI.

Milly must have lain a long time on the floor in a swoon—for when she came to herself, the daylight was streaming broad and full through the curtains; the fire had died entirely out, and she was as chilled and weak that at first she could neither rise nor comprehend what had happened.

It all came slowly back, the terrible memory of the past night! Milly dragged herself to the bed and lay down—lay there for hours, not sleeping, not thinking, wild with the whirl in her brain, but with the stern unforgettingness strong in her mind. At last she heard some one knock at the door—it was a servant sent by Mrs. Graham to know if she was coming down.

Then Milly began to realize that life had to go on again; she could not remain there in her solitary anguish; she must go forth and meet her aunt, give explanations of all that had happened, listen to blame and reproaches—live and die like common mortals. She threw off her crumpled ball-dress, and managed to get into a morning gown, but made no effort to go down stairs.

Then Mrs. Graham came up; she was very angry at Milly's staying so long behind her at the ball; had been frightened by her appearance when she rushed past the door—more angry and alarmed as she thought the matter over, and became convinced that something very strange and unpleasant had occurred. Up-stairs she marched, and knocked loudly—there was no response.

"Open the door, Milly," she exclaimed;

"I insist on coming in."

Milly hesitated a little, then allowed her to enter—as well then as ever; the scene and the contest must come—let her get them over and be done. She never noticed her aunt's look of astonishment—listened passively when she broke into a torrent of exclamations and inquiries, and insisted on having an explanation of this mysterious conduct. Milly sat down, calm from the exhaustion which follows such dreadful excitement, but so determined, that her aunt's anger had no place in her thoughts.

"Are you sick, Milly?"

"No," returned Milly, wearily.

It was an effort to speak; if she could only be left alone; not compelled to see the face of any human being; allowed to wear out in utter solitude, the first hours of the anguish which had come upon her!

"You look dreadfully," pursued Mrs. Graham; "you are as white as a ghost, and your eyes look as if you had not closed them all night."

There was no need of an answer; Milly sat dumb.

Mrs. Graham's anxiety at her appearance, was merged in curiosity to know what had happened, and a sudden dread that by some folly Milly had endangered her whole future.

"If you are not sick," she said, with no great amount of tenderness in her voice, "will you tell me what is the matter?"

"I am very tired, aunt," replied Milly, reluctantly; "I wish you would not make me talk this morning."

"Tis is ridiculous!" exclaimed Mrs. Graham, beginning to feel very indignant.

"I insist upon an explanation! Milly, what ails you?"

She was silent; how could she put her misery in words to that woman standing so coldly before her? How could she cry out that her heart was broken; the whole world, the beautiful world where she had been wandering, laid in ruins at her feet, with every sweet hope, every youthful joy crushed under them!

"Will you tell me?" urged her aunt.

Milly tried to speak; there was a suffo-



FISHING FOR THE ELECTRICAL EEL (GYMNOTUS) ON THE ORINOCO, SOUTH AMERICA.

The Gymnotus are fresh-water fishes of South America, where they attain a great size. There are several species, but the most remarkable, from its singular physical properties, is the Electrical Eel. These properties enable the Gymnotus to arrest suddenly the pursuit of an enemy, or the flight of its prey, to suspend on the instant every movement of its victim, and subdue it by an invisible power. Even the fishermen themselves are suddenly struck and rendered torpid at the moment of seizing it, while nothing external betrays the mysterious power possessed by the animal.

We are indebted to Alexander von Humboldt for the first precise account of this very curious fish. This celebrated naturalist read to the Institute of France an important memoir upon the electrical eel from Bonpland's observations, the substance of which we shall give here.

In traversing the Llanas of the province of Caracas, M. Bonpland stopped at Calaboso. The object of this sojourn was to investigate the history of the Gymnotus, great numbers of which are found in the neighborhood. After three days' residence in Calaboso some Indians conducted them to the Cano de Bora, a muddy and stagnant basin, but surrounded by rich vegetation, in which *Clausia rosea*, some grand Indian figs, and some magnificent flowering odorous mimosa, were pre-eminent. They were much surprised when informed that it would be necessary to take thirty half-wild horses, from the neighboring savannahs in order to fish for the Gymnotus. The idea of this fishing, called in the language of the country *embarascar con caballos* (intoxicating by means of horses), is very odd. The word *barbacoa* indicates the roots of the *Laquerina*, or any other poisonous plant, by contact with which a body of water acquires the property of killing, or, at least, of intoxicating or stupefying the fishes. These come to the surface when they have been poisoned in this manner. The horses chasing them here and there in a marshy basin, it seems, the same effect upon the alarmed fishes. While our hosts were explaining to us this strange mode of fishing, the troop of horses and mules had arrived, and the Indians had made a sort of batine, pressing the horses on all sides, and forcing them into the marsh. The Indians, armed with long stakes and harpoons, placed themselves round the basin, some of them mounting the trees, whose branches hung over the water, and by their cries, and still more by their canes, preventing the horses from landing again. The eels, stunned by the noise, defended themselves by repeated discharges of their batteries. For a long time it seemed as if they would be victorious over the horses. Some of the mules, especially, being almost stifled by the frequency and force of the shock, disappeared under the water, and some of the horses, in spite of the watchfulness of the Indians, regained the bank, where, overcome by the shocks they had undergone, they stretched themselves at their whole length. The picture presented was now indescribable. Groups of Indians surrounded the basin; the horses with bristling mane, terror and grief in their eyes, trying to escape from the storm which had surprised them; the eels, yellow and vivid, looking like great aquatic serpents swimming on the surface of the water, and chasing their enemies, were objects at once appalling and picturesque. In less than five minutes two horses were drowned. An eel, more than five feet long, glided under one horse, discharged its apparatus through its whole extent, attacking at once the heart, the viscera, and the plexus of the nerves of the animal, probably subsuming and finally drowning it.

When the struggle had endured a quarter

cating sensation in her throat which kept the words back—all the sound she could have made would have been a groan—and even in that early stage of her agony, Milly had strength of soul enough to be determined to hide the full depth of her suffering.

"Have you quarreled with Walter Thorman?" asked her aunt. "I suppose that is the trouble—I thought so last night. I think you are a foolish girl—but there is one consolation; lovers' quarrels are easily remedied."

She spoke lightly, forcing herself to believe that Milly's pain was only caused by her youthful exaggeration of a trifling difficulty which would be set at rest before the day was over.

"Just tell me all about it, Milly, like a good girl!" Mrs. Graham was saying; "I promise that everything shall be set right. You shall not be called on to make concessions, or do any of those things girls think so humiliating—it shall be right—just tell me."

Milly recollects a story of a woman whose relatives had forsaken her and her child—at last one of them repented, and came to her with the help she had begged—but while the kindness was offered, the woman's child lay dead on her bosom. Certainly the story was in no way applicable to her, but it came into her mind. There she was, holding her dead hope to her heart, and her aunt standing before her, talking of reconciliation and new joys, and she with the chill of that corpse freezing into her very soul.

"Now don't be obstinate, Milly; it is only foolish and mischievous, and I give you credit for not being like girls in general. What did you and Walter quarrel about? Don't say you haven't quarreled, because I know you have."

She sat down on the sofa beside Milly,

joyed to do it—exulting at the idea of her own wickedness, and longing for some unpardonable sin that she might commit.

These things sound very dreadful, I know, but passionate natures do feel so for a season when a great trouble has roused them to their full intensity, and even the remembrance of religious teachings or true womanliness cannot keep them from it.

Milly heard her aunt's voice again—it sounded faint as if it came from a great distance; the very objects about, so familiar and treasured, looked strange as if the whole aspect of the apartment had changed during the night.

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had expected; still she could not believe that the difficulty was beyond remedy. Of course Milly's domineering went for nothing; young women frequently made such resolutions when they were angry, for the express purpose of being turned into breaking them. Miss Graham would be wretched had an idea that Milly could be absolutely obstinate if thoroughly aroused; she would be cool—she must get at the bottom of the matter without delay.

"At least you can give some reason for this extraordinary determination, I suppose?"

"If it was possible, Milly's white face grew whiter when her aunt's question brought up the name she must give for her companion—the words she had heard Walter Thorman speak to the Greeks—the words—the kiss upon her hand!

Miss Graham looked at her in amazement; she knew that it was not in Milly's nature to bring along feeling easily—she had no young lady's fondness of merriment for the affliction of her friends and wearing her sorrows painted on her face upon every plausible occasion. It made her aunt wonder; unable to understand the mingled sense of pain and indignation seen while swept across her features as she recalled the scene of the previous evening as it was impressed upon her excited mind.

"Don't look on, Milly!" she exclaimed, not knowing in the least what to make of the girl in this new phase of her character.

She did not venture to take refuge in silence and wait her that she was not acting Median—Milly's appearance forbade that; it was not in her disposition to open her arms and bid her niece come rest therein like a stricken deer, moreover she felt instinctively that Milly would prefer the animal company to such an offering of tenderness.

"What can Walter Thorman have done to horridize you so much like that?"

"He has done what I never can, what I never will forgive! If I believed my heart weak enough to pardon him and receive him in again, I would tear it out with my own hands."

Could that be Milly uttering such wild words with such passion? No wonder Mrs. Graham asked herself that question as Walter Thorman had done on the preceding night. If it was Milly, it certainly was not the Milly who had been treated as a child, supposed to have no thoughts and feelings beyond those common to girls of her age—not the Milly who a month ago, just out little mouth, had been so loving, so considerate; with her heart so full of sunshine, and her eyes so glad with content. No, never that Milly any more—she was gone—dead in the sudden wreck of hope and trust; the creature who had taken her place was a woman, hard, bitter, defiant; with a knowledge of evil forced upon her of which the other Milly had been innocent.

Some perception of this change came over Mrs. Graham's mind; she began to see with what and with whom she had to deal. There was something very black at the bottom of all this, but it must be cleared up, set right; fortune, position, a whole future could not be flung aside for any reasons that the heart alone might dictate. The bare possibility of a disaster and failure like a pitch of freemasonry.

"You certainly are crazy, Milly," she said. "This is some fancy you have taken—some wild fit of anger."

"Fancy!" interrupted Milly, while two scariest spots blazed over the whiteness of her cheeks. "You will make me speak—you will make me put my shame into words—shame for one of my age to have the knowledge of such sin forced upon her!"

"What, for heaven's sake? He could have done nothing so terrible as your words would imply! You don't know what you are saying—you can't know."

"If you had seen your husband bending over another woman—kissing her—speaking words of love—wouldn't you have known what it meant?" cried Milly in a sharp, frightened tone. "Let me alone, aunt—don't ask me any more questions—I won't answer! It's bad enough to have all this on my soul, without being forced to put it in words—let me alone, I say!"

Mrs. Graham turned away utterly bewildered; she could not trust herself to talk just then; she was sorry for Milly, but furious with her, with Thomas, everybody, because this sudden barrier had come between her and the fulfillment of her wishes.

"It's that Dorner woman!" she exclaimed wrathfully, after a long silence which Milly could not have broken.

"You see!" exclaimed Milly. "You had noticed—you knew that he loved her—you knew!"

"I knew nothing of the sort," retorted her aunt; "I don't believe it now. She is an abominable flirt, and the best men will humor such a woman."

"Humor!" repeated Milly.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Graham; "it's their way. I don't pretend to defend the thing, but all men will do it. I have no idea there was anything wrong in what you saw or heard—just ridiculous gallantry and coquetry. The truth is, you have been having as bad as possible to Thorman for several weeks. You were jealous of Leonie Dorner all the time, and I thought so—if you had said one word to him, it might have all been set right."

"Would you have had me beg and plead with him to be true?" cried Milly. "Was I a dog to be petted when he chose, and sent

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into a corner when he grew tired of me? I tell you, aunt, you don't know me! I am not a child—I am a woman! I feel with all a woman's passion, and hate with all a woman's force."

This was now talk in Mrs. Graham's presence of young ladies; she was at a loss how to receive it. Who did what were women would have done under the circumstances—went into a rage and began the details of her own infidelity and wrong arising out of the affair.

"After all the pains I have taken," she moaned, "to be treated in this way! I have been a mother to you, Millie; I have brought you up with every care—now Maud out of society with your account, and now you have in this unheard-of manner."

"Would you have me marry him?" demanded Millie, with a flush of hot indignation in her eye.

"Girls can't break engagements with impunity," urged Mrs. Graham evasively. "Ever so many people know of your engagement—it would be almost as disgraceful as a divorce to end it now."

"If I had been his wife I would have left him," said Millie. "There are many things I would bear patiently; neglect, ill-treatment; but when one I have loved shows me that I have deceived myself, that his heart is not mine, there is no power strong enough to keep me near him—my love dies."

"There are other things to be thought of in marriage besides love," returned Mrs. Graham.

"I know you believe so; I tell you in the beginning, aunt, that I did not care for other considerations; you laughed at me and thought it a girlish folly—I meant it! If I marry a man, I must respect and love him."

"Since my engagement I have seen all these things more clearly; I don't love Walter Thorman—I don't respect him—I consider him false and despicable! I can't marry him—I will not."

"What can I do? I can't give you another such winter—here's those stocks failed—after all, you are not my daughter. Oh, you crazy, mad girl!"

"I don't want to go into society, aunt; I will help you all I can. Send away the governess; I'll teach the children—I'll sew—work in your kitchen—anything—anything!"

"Do be sensible, then, and look at matters in a common sense way," replied Mrs. Graham, not yet despairing of bringing her to reason, or more strictly speaking, quite unable to cease urging her arguments, even after they were thoroughly exhausted.

"I don't at all understand the affair yet; nobody could, I should think! Now just explain—"

"Have a little mercy, aunt! Can't you see how you hurt me?"

"It's very well to have such sensitive feelings," cried Mrs. Graham, rage getting the upper hand again; "but they are better in a novel than real life. I'd rather see a girl show some docility and obedience, be a little more ready to rely on her friends' advice, than turn like a serpent to sting her own mother's sister."

Mrs. Graham was slightly indignant in high tragedy too, but as here sprang only from angry, disappointed worldliness, it was rather ridiculous; while Millie's, however exaggerated it might be, had the dignity which real trouble gives to such expressions.

"I don't want to make you unhappy, aunt," she said; "I am very grateful to you for all your kindness, but don't reproach me for that which is in fault of mine."

"It is your fault, I tell you, Millie! For weeks past you have irritated Walter Thorman in every possible way!"

"He tortured me," broke in Millie, roused to passionate self-exculpation; "he stung and wrung me—he followed that woman about and left me."

"Did you expect to keep him fastened to your châtelaine like a gold charm?" asked Mrs. Graham sarcastically, interrupting in her turn, as women will when excited.

"I expected him to love me as he had promised," answered Millie resolutely; "I expected him to keep his vow in deed and thought—as well be actually false to me as allow his mind to stray."

"You are insanely, absurdly jealous," said her aunt; "that is exactly what ails you."

"Not now," replied Millie bitterly; "we must love to be jealous. Walter Thorman killed my affection with one blow."

Mrs. Graham fairly ground her teeth; I am sure she must have regretted not being a man—a little boar's awaking would have been such a relief, and a sort of safeguard against breaking a blood vessel, which she really thought she must do.

"I don't believe," she almost screamed, "no, I don't believe that out of a mad-house so crazy a creature was ever seen! I thought you had common sense, and here you show yourself the most doleful fool that ever worried a woman's life out. I'd like to put a straight jacket on you and send you up to Bloomingdale. I would, indeed, I verily believe it would be the proper place for you."

"Send me if you like, aunt; I'll go there or anywhere you please."

"Now don't play the martyr!" groaned Mrs. Graham. "For heaven's sake, don't add that to all the rest, unless you want to make me as crazy as you are yourself."

"Perhaps I had better go away," pursued Millie, catching at the idea with a feeling of relief; "it might be better for all of us."

"And where in the name of goodness, would you go?"

"I don't know—I tell you I don't care! I would teach—see—"

"In the name of pity, stop—I certainly shall go out of my senses! My niece a governess—a sewing girl; it would be a pretty story to tell, wouldn't it? Do you want to ruin us all utterly; have people call me the most horrible woman that ever lived, and see Maud's prospects completely destroyed?"

"Then what can I do, aunt? Only suggest anything that will keep me from being a burden to you, and I will obey."

"There is but one thing to be done—a bet could see it!" retorted Mrs. Graham, as energetically as if deciding upon young women's fates was the ordinary occupation of the mysterious race she mentioned.

"Tell me; only tell me!"

"Let me send for Walter Thorman, and get a frank, full explanation of this affair—"

"Never!" cried Millie. "Anything but that!"

"Of course—I knew you would say so! Anything, except the only thing that can be done."

"There is no explanation possible."

"That's just romantic nonsense; no less. Now, Millie Crofton, listen to me! You have got to live in the world, not in a novel—you have to do as other women do—put up with such treatment as they do. Romance is all very well, love is all very well, but they

are rank nonsense when carried too far—neither of them last anybody beyond twenty-five. When a woman marries she should look to the future—the growth, she wants position and money; without these, all the love that a poor old dame has given to the married drag and strain that it is possible to imagine."

Millie was listening, grown so quiet that Mrs. Graham began to think her words were having some effect.

"Go on," said Millie, when she paused for breath, pausing with a tolerance that would have sounded unmannered had her nose been sufficiently enlarged to notice it.

"So I say, when a girl has found all these things, as you did, let her pay no attention to the gliding gotten worn off her romance; let her trust to her woman's tact to keep a hold on the man she marries—in short, let her take the benefits heaven offers, and not demand impossibilities."

She stopped, quite exhausted by her own eloquence, and Millie still looked full in her face and asked—

"You think I have no reason to feel hurt and outraged?"

"I don't say that; it's aggravating to see one's lover devoted to another woman, but they will all do it! Talk quietly to him—I am sure Thorman did it to punish your enemies."

"No, aunt, I cannot blind myself! He knew this woman long ago—he loved her! He was pleased with my girlishness and engaged himself to me thoughtlessly—when this woman came back she seemed all her old power over him."

"I don't believe a word of it all."

There was no logic in the assertion, but it was the best Mrs. Graham could do under the circumstances—that denial was the only ground for her to take now.

"Aunt, if these were no other reason, I would not marry him now that I know he thought me a child, loved me only as he might some pretty plaything."

"Time enough after you are married to show him that you are not," urged Mrs. Graham.

"No; for I should only bring unholy jealousy on myself. I could not be patient when I saw that he thought me incapable of sharing his highest feelings—the deepest secrets."

Mrs. Graham took a little time to deliberate; and then she sat down and wrote a note to Walter Thorman.

"My dear friend—

"Our little girl is quite ill—"

Then she stopped; she had a good deal of womanly delicacy about her, after all—she could appeal to his sympathy by exposing Millie's weakness. She reflected a little longer—and after much trouble and many erasures, wrote out and dispatched the following:

"Dear Mr. Thorman—

"I wish you would come and see me as soon as you receive this. You and I are old friends, and can afford to talk openly with one another, and I can assure you that in anything I might say, I should have your good and then of our faithful little Miss Millie very closely at heart."

"So come and talk with me, and let this light cloud be swept away by our mutual endeavours, before it grows darker; come with your usual frankness and kindness, and be certain we will find you as ever."

"Your very sincere friend,

"ELIZA GRESHAM."

Mrs. Graham felt a sense of relief when her misfortune was gone; at least she had done something—that is always a comfort, when one has been at a loss what to do. Thorman would obey her summons at once, she felt certain; and the more she reflected, the more confident she became that it would all end well. Her spirits lightened, her distress and irritation passed away. Several times she stole up to Millie's room on tip-toe and looked in; the girl's face was buried in her pillow; she seemed to be sleeping quietly; and with each visit, Mrs. Graham felt her hopes arise. But it was almost night when, as she was descending from one of these expeditions, she met Cesar with a letter in his hand.

"For you, madam," he said, with one of his grand bows; "the individual did not wait for no answer."

Mrs. Graham glanced at the superscription—it was in Thorman's hand; and she went into the little reception room to read it.

"It will all be settled now," she thought, as she tore open the envelope; "I am very glad I wrote."

She unfolded the sheet—glanced at the date—gave one start and an exclamation of mingled wrath and dismay, and hurriedly read the page.

This was Walter Thorman's answer:—

"Steamer—12, A. M.

"Dear Madam—

"Your note has just been brought to me; the date above will explain my hurried reply.

"I am starting for Europe. I leave the task of explanation with your niece, who last night brought out my engagement, so decided to an end, that my own self-respect renders it impossible for me to employ any means—if any were in my power—to change her determination.

"I wish you and yours every happiness—and trust that the years which will probably elapse before my return, may not wear from your mind all recollection of me."

"WALTER THORMAN."

Mrs. Graham read the note twice, as if she found it difficult to understand the contents; crushed it in her hands as dramatically as a heroine could have done; and between her rage and disappointment, came near fainting herself.

"Gone to Europe!" was all she could utter, in a voice that would have done justice to Queen Constance's famous speech; for the first time, conscious of her own helplessness, she had placed it beyond her power to do anything now. "Gone to Europe! Two mad people together—and I to bear the consequences of their folly."

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"Gone to Europe!" was all she could utter, in a voice that would have done justice to Queen Constance's famous speech; for the first time, conscious of her own helplessness, she had placed it beyond her power to do anything now. "Gone to Europe! Two mad people together—and I to bear the consequences of their folly."

"I wish you and yours every happiness—and trust that the years which will probably elapse before my return, may not wear from your mind all recollection of me."

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TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer
3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING.

As follows: We began an admirable
Novellet called

LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

in the paper of October 8th—and we
shall commence the subscriptions of all

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

for 1871, with that date, until the large
extra edition of the papers containing the
early chapters of the story shall be ex-
hausted. This will be

THIRTEEN PAPERS,

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly num-
bers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

When our extra edition is exhausted, the
names of all NEW subscribers for
1871 will be entered on our list the very
week they are received.

Of course those who send in their
names early, will receive the whole
number of extra papers.

We expect to have enough extra pa-
pers to supply all comers UP TO JANU-
ARY—but it will be most prudent not to
delay in sending on subscriptions.

This offer applies to all new subscriv-
ers, single or in clubs. See our low
Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel En-	graving) \$8.50.
2 copies,	\$4.00
4 "	6.00
5 " (and one extra)	8.00
8 " (and one extra)	12.00
11 " (and one extra)	16.00
14 " (and one extra)	20.00

One copy of THE POST and one of
THE LADY'S FRIEND, 4.00

Every person putting up a Club will receive
the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5
and over both the Premium Engraving and an
extra paper.

While we offer thus a special induc-
ment to new subscribers, our old subscriv-
ers will reap the benefit of the increased
circulation which it brings us, in the im-
provement of our paper, and the ease of
getting up their clubs—And it is
thus to their interest, as we
hope it is to their kindly
feeling, to speak a good word
for us to their friends.

Our NEW PREMIUM EN-
GRAVING for next year is a beauti-
ful plate called "The Sisters." It
is engraved on steel, by the celebrated
English engraver, G. F. Doo—one of
the three or four best engravers in the
world—after a painting by the renowned
artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is of medium size (for greater conve-
nience in framing) but is a superior en-
graving to any heretofore issued by us,
being a perfect GEM OF ART.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking
the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The
Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at
Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his
Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours,"
if preferred) will be sent gratis as a Premium
(postage paid) to every full (\$2.50) subscriber,
and also to every person sending on a club!

Club Subscribers who wish the Pre-
mium Engraving must send one dollar extra.
To those who are not subscribers we will
furnish it for two dollars.

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking ad-
vantage of the above liberal offers,
make up a Club of new subscriv-
ers? To the getter-up of every
Club we send our beautiful new
Premium Engraving "The Sisters,"
(or either of our other Premium En-
gravings); and to the getter up of a
Club of five or over, an extra copy
of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S
FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs
are composed of both old and new
subscribers, the latter should have the
word "new" written opposite their
names. The subscriptions should be
sent on as soon as obtained (even when
the lists, if large, are not full,) in order
that the forwarding of the paper to
the new subscribers may not be
delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.

ONE MONTH FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in
clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who
send on their subscriptions by the
first of January, shall receive the
magnificent December Holiday num-
ber, making thirteen months in all!

Sewing Machine Premium, etc.—See terms on the second page of
this paper.

THE SWIMMER.

Golden-headed and sunny-hued,
Strength in each knotted muscle lured,
Every limb on the bold headland,
A breathing-state behind him stand!

A leap, a plunge, and the foamy flood
Claps in its arms the laughing blood,
While the pliant limbs like marble shine,
In the bold embrace of the buoyant brine.

Down, where shudder the cold sea wreeds,
To pastures where the purple foods,
Where the drum-beat beats his mystic drum,
And the silver mallet glides shy and dumb.

Up, to the light on the breezy hillock,
The wave his couch and the crest his pillow—
To dive, to float, to sink, to swim,
Delight in such luxurious limb.

Stroke on stroke, now away, away—
Swimmer and bather both at play;
While sea-nymphs blend with fingers weird
The green of the wave with the gold of his beard.

Upward now is the broad, bare breast,
Stretched on the wave he lies at rest;
Over his forehead the waters drip;
And have the smile on his swarthy lip.

Swift-winged carlews swim the air,
Clouds creep out of their loft fair;
While now on the wave, now on the wing,
The sea-gull screams like a human thing.

Once and again with an agile grace
He turns to the wave his ruddy face,
While the sweet fresh wind blows out of the South,
And lifts the brine to his bearded mouth.

Parting the billows on either hand,
Glowing and dripping he gains the land;
Shakes from his limbs and loys the dew,
Wring his beard and is gone from view.

The Industrial Exposition.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ZIG.

DEAR POST:—For two weeks I have been
intending to write to you about the Great
Fair here at Cincinnati, but have kept put-
ting it off, like the blessed lay son that I am,
and now the Fair is nearly over.

It is beautiful and wonderful. They say

it is fully equal to the World's Fair at New
York, some years ago. It is an exhibition,
exposition I believe the fashion is to say,
since they had the World's Fair at Paris; an
exposition, then, of arts and manufac-
tures, more particularly of Ohio, though
these are articles here from all over the
world. It is held in the Auditorium Hall,
built last summer for the Hungarian Festi-
val, and covering three acres of ground.
It has been going on nearly three weeks.

There is everything here that the heart of
man can devise, from a wax rosebud to a
steam engine. There are grand pianos and
hemp ropes, oil-paintings and washing-ma-
chines, silver tea-sets and steam pumps,
bonnets and potato-diggers, paper collars
and steam-ploughs, baby wagons and House-
keeping Models for old maids and bachelors,
dandies' ruffled-satin bosoms and rag
carpets, bedsteads and bed-bug exterminators,
burglar alarms and American broilers,—to
breathe Americans, I suppose,—pearl
drops for chaneling ladies' faces, and lubri-
cating oils, perhaps for lubricating ladies'
temples, but I don't know. There are tubs
and toilet bottles, marble mantel-pieces and
embroidered baby dresses, bed-covers and dandies' boots.
There are wigs, patent arms, artificial teeth,
skirted skirts, false curles, false hearts, false
whiskers, wire bosoms, and wooden legs.

When I'm out of breath at last, bet I
haven't made the faintest beginning of tell-
ing you what can be seen at the Exposition.
In fact, I don't know what you can't see
there, unless it is a police policeman, or a
young lady with boots on large enough for
her.

Among pictures, probably the one most
admired of all is a painting called "Witch
Hill," by Mr. Noble. It represents a beauti-
ful young woman led out to be hung as a
witch. Her small hands are bound with
cords so tightly that the blood seems start-
ing from the veins; a brutal-looking hang-
man, with a coil of rope in his hand is lead-
ing her, while just behind follow several of
our wise and liberal-minded Puritan fathers.
It is a powerful picture, a terrible picture,
indeed. They all seem to stand out before
you as alive and real, the grim, cruel, old
Puritans with their peaked hats and white
raffs, the brute-faced hangman in his bare
head, and the lovely young creature with
her strained eyes and face of wild, mad
terror. The face haunts you long after you
leave the Exposition. Another picture,
also greatly admired, is a large photograph
of two beautiful babies, twins, who look
more alike than any two babies I ever saw.
I don't see how their mother tells 'em apart.

Of furniture, there is a famously ugly
three thousand dollar bedstead. It is a
heavy, lumbering, ungainly thing, covered
from head to foot and end to end with crazy
wood-carving. It would give one a night-
mare to sleep in it, I should think. It is a
hideous fashion to have little impish wooden
heads carved all over your furniture, to grin
and make faces at you whichever way you
turn your eyes. There are some exqui-
sitely beautiful billiard-tables,—which old
ladies from the country invariably take for
piano,—toilet-stands, whale-nose, and touch-
me-nots, of every conceivable shape and
pattern, and a tobacco man has attracted
much attention to his wares by displaying
the initials of his name shaved out of little
cigars about half as long as your thumb nail.

Let us go to the machine department.
Beautiful machinery always has a fascina-
tion for me which nothing else in the world
possesses, unless it is a beautiful man. I
always like the two together. As I told you
once before, a magnificent steam-engine, so
grand and powerful, so true to a hair's
breadth, yet so entirely noiseless and gentle
in its movements, always reminds me of a
brave, heroic man, powerful and daring as a
lion, yet gentle and tender as a little child.
I thought of the likeness again, as I looked
at the magnificent steam-engine here at the
Fair, an engine which was running nearly
a half acre of machinery all at once, and yet
making no little fuss over its work that you
wouldn't know it was there, only for the
bright glitter of wheel about it.

Another great attraction about the ma-
chinery-room is, that it is the only depart-
ment of the Fair unoccupied by the dan-
gers of both sexes—the drowsy-faced young
men with the bell-shaped hats, and the
kitten-faced young women with the hump
on her back. The young men are afraid of
meeting his superior kids—while the young
women always dominate the horrid machinery
mane her hand aside. The people who visit
the machine-experiment, you will notice,
are mostly mechanics and people from the
country. You see farmers and country men-
sions, with their kindly, intelligent faces,
by the dozen, all around among the steam
pumps and whirling wheels.

Doubtless you have heard of the famous
California steam-plough, the only steam
plough, I think, which has its plough and
engine all in one piece, and carries its steam
right along with it. It is as big as a house,
a great monster of a thing, and looks as if
it would need a whole county to turn around
in—but they say it can stop at any moment,
within half an inch of a given line. Indeed
I saw it clear the track for a streetcar quite
as quick as and much easier than a big
wagon could have done. One morning we
heard a great noise of puffing and spatter-
ing, and we looked out of the window, ex-
pecting to see a steam fire-engine, but it was the
big California steam-plough, travelling
off to the Hamilton Co. Fair Grounds. It
had its plough-share turned up out of the
way, and was gliding over the ground as
gently as if it had been walking upon eggs.
It doesn't have to be taken apart and hauled
about when they want to move it from one
place to another, but it just gets up and
sets itself, being turned in different direc-
tions by a pilot, much the same as the man
at the wheel would steer a steamboat. It
ploughs ten furrows at a time, and, I believe,
takes but two men to run it.

Among the myriad and myriads of ma-
chines for helping folks do every imaginable
thing in the world, we remember one espe-
cially which interested the crowd greatly.
Everybody smiled who saw it—it was so
"cute." You saw a boy holding what looked
like a piece of wooden lath, you saw an up-
right iron lever come down with a thump
and hit the wooden lath a little clip, then,
in the words of our colored fellow-slaves,
"sunrise dropped." You picked up the
something and found it was a barrel-bung,
which that little clip of the upright iron
lever had cut off, shaped, smoothed, stamped
with the maker's name, and thrown out
at one side, while the chips and cuttings
were thrown out at the other. This inge-
nious machine has made a fortune for its in-
ventor in a very few years. You know Clu-
bion is a famous place for beer and white-
wine, and the bung-man finds immediate sale
for all his bungs as fast as he can slip them
off. But if his invention has brought him fame,
it has also brought him fame, in the shape of a funny nickname, which will
cling to him as long as he remains this side
of Heaven. Whenever he goes, wherever his
name is spoken, he is mentioned under the
nickname of "Bung-Hole Kirby."

Coming out of the machine-room you see
a rarely beautiful statue of the Greek
Slave, made of what seems to be the purest,
softest, richest marble. You are not half
done admiring it, when you observe close
beside it a big pile of tallow candles. You
look narrowly at the fair statue again, and behold!—your radiantly beautiful marble
Greek Slave is done in tallow, or some man-
ner of grease of that sort, I don't know exactly what. It seems so ludicrous, and at
the same time so disappointing. A lovely
Greek Slave in tallow! A tallow woman!
A prominent candle man has taken this
method of showing what he can do in the
grease line.

There are also some natural flowers and
ornamental shrubs on exhibition, but natural
flowers always suffer in such an unnatural
place, where the air is full of carbolic acid,
tobacco, hair-oil perfumes, and every man-
ner of impurity, and the poor little flowers
look dusty and wilted. There is a fountain
and a waterfall, made by an ingenious ar-
rangement of gas to resemble a moonlight
scene. As we turned from looking at the
tallow woman a band of music commanded
playing, and glancing at the fountain, we
discovered that it was reflecting a success-
ion of colored lights, all the colors of the
rainbow. How beautiful it all was! the
flowers, the green trees, the music, the
waterfall, the colored lights playing on the
fountain.

"It is fairy-land!" we all exclaimed with
one voice.
But just behind us another voice ex-
claimed:
"That's bully!"
And still another voice said:
"Ain't it sweet?"
We looked around and saw immediately
behind us, first, a boot-blank, then the don-
key-faced young man with the bell-crowned
hat on, and the kitten-faced young woman
with the hump on her back. And then we
knew it wasn't fairy-land.

The pleasantest feature about the whole
exposition is the great number of laboring
people with their families, who attend and
enjoy it. The price of admission, only a quar-
ter, is hardly high enough to tempt the big
snobs, but to the common people and school
children it is a source of inexhaustible
delight. They feel certain for once that they
have all their money's worth, and more.
And, next to making people better, this is
the highest, noblest mission on earth—to
give pleasure to the common people.

Midden Manhood.

I remember Harriet Martineau tells how,
when she had grown to be quite a girl, a lit-
tle one was born into her house; and as she
would look and wonder, not knowing what
was to become of it, she got a great terror
into her heart that the babe would never
speak, or walk, or do anything that she could
do, because she said how can it, seeing that
it is so entirely helpless now? But she
found, when the right time came, that the
feet found their footing and the tongue its
speech, and everything came along in its
own right time; and then, instead of the
babe, she had a noble and beautiful brother,
who was able to take her part and teach
things to her, who had taught him. So the
babe became an illustration, when it came
to manhood, of a very common latent fear
in the hearts, not of sisters so much as of
fathers and mothers, that the life that has
come to them, and is their life over again,
will not scramble, or grow, or wrestle into
its own place, as theirs has done. They have
no adequate belief in the hidden manhood
or womanhood that is folded away within the
small, frail nature, and that the man will
walk among men and talk with men as a
man; and so they often spend the better
part of their time in trying to order afresh
what our wise mother Nature has ordered
already.—Robert Collier.

MY HALLOWEEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Out I went into the moonbow,
Where the moon was shining brightly,
And the trees their silvery shadows
On the sloping hill did cast;
For I hungered to see the goblin,
And the dimly-hidden faerie;
And the gnomes, who dwell in caverns,
But come forth on Hallowe'en.

All the spirits, good and evil,
Fay and pixie, witch and wizard,
On this night will sure be stirring,
Thought I as I walked along;
And if Puck, the "merry wanderer,"
Or her majesty Titania,
Or Queen Mab, to whom the secrets
Of the hidden world belong,

Should but condescend to let me,—
But my thoughts took sudden parting,
For I saw a few feet from me,
Standing in the moonlight there,
A quaint, roguish little figure,
And I knew 'twas Puck the trickster,
By the twinkle of his bright eyes
Underneath his shaggy hair.

Yet I felt no fear of Robin—
He just spoke some words of greeting,
Laughed, and touched me on the shoulder,
And we lightly walked away;
And I found that I was smaller,
For the gnomes brushed my elbows,
And the satyrs seemed like chestnuts,
With their trunks so tall and gray.
Swiftly as the wind we travelled,
Till we came unto a garden,
Bright within a gloomy forest,
Like a gem within the mine;
And I saw as we grew nearer,
That the forms I thought were flowers,
Were but little men and women
Who amongst the green did abide.

But 'twas marvellous the resemblance
Their bright figures bore to flowers,
As they danced, and bowed, and courted,
Cled in white, and pink, and blue;
I was certain the tall lady
Who moved like a queen among them,
Was my pet rose, while her ear-rings
Sparkled like the morning dew.

There, too, sported Johnny Jump-Up,
Smiling gayly as he used to

OUR PATTERN.

A weaver sat one day at his loom,
Among the colors bright,
With the pattern on his saying
Hung fair and plain in sight.

But the weaver's thoughts were wandering
Away on a distant track;
As he threw the shuttle in his hand
Wearily forward and back.

And he turned his dim eyes to the ground,
And tears fell on the wool,
For his thoughts, alas! were not with his
home,

Nor the wife beneath its roof;

When her voice recalled him suddenly
To himself, as the tally said:
"Ah! who is me! for your work is spoiled,
And what will we do for bread?"

And then the weaver looked, and saw
His work must be undone;
For the threads were wrong, and the colors
dimmed,

Where the bitter tears had run.

"Alack! alack!" said the weaver,
"And this had all been right
If I had not looked at my work, but kept
The pattern in my sight!"

Ah! sad it was for the weaver,
And sad for his luckless wife:
And sad it will be for us if we say,
At the end of our task of life:

"The colors that we had to weave
Were bright in our early years;
But we wove the scene wrong, and stained
The wool with bitter tears.

"We wove a web of doubt and fear—
Not faith, and hope, and love—
Because we looked at our work, and not
At our Pattern up above!"—*Pauline Fury.*

Hot Summers.

Appleton's Journal gives the following account of remarkably hot summers:

In 1189 the earth cracked by reason of the heat, the walls and streams in Alsace all dried up, and the bed of the river Rhine was dry. In 1183 the heat was so great that sand exposed to the sun's rays was hot enough to cook eggs. In 1160 great numbers of soldiers in the campaign against Bela died from the heat. In 1276 and 1277 crops of hay and oats failed completely. In 1208 and 1304 a man could have crossed dry-shod, over the rivers Seine, Loire, Rhine, and Danube. In 1336 and 1394 a multitude of animals perished by the heat, which was so great that the harvest dried up. In 1440 the heat was extraordinary. In 1458, 1500, 1540, and 1541 all the rivers were nearly dried up. In 1556 there was a great drought, which extended over nearly the whole of Europe. In 1615 and 1616 there was, in Italy, France, and the Netherlands, an overpowering heat. In 1646 there were fifty-eight consecutive days of extreme heat. 1678 was very hot, as were the first three years of the eighteenth century.

In 1718 it did not rain from April until October! The growing grain was burned, the rivers dried up, the trees (but wherefore is not stated) were closed by command of the police. The thermometer showed thirty-six degrees Reaumur, equal to one hundred and thirteen degrees Fahrenheit. In irrigated gardens the fruit trees bloomed twice. In 1723 and 1724 there was great heat. The summer of 1748 was hot and dry, the growing grain being calcined. It did not rain for months. 1748, 1754, 1760, 1767, 1778, and 1785 were years in which the summers were extremely hot. In the famous comes year—1811—the summer was warm, and the wine produced that year was very precious. In 1818 the theatres had to be closed on account of the heat, the highest temperature being thirty-five Reaumur, equal to one hundred and thirteen degrees Fahrenheit. In irrigated gardens the fruit trees bloomed twice. In 1723 and 1724 there was great heat. The summer of 1748 was hot and dry, the growing grain being calcined. It did not rain for months. 1748, 1754, 1760, 1767, 1778, and 1785 were years in which the summers were extremely hot. In the famous comes year—1811—the summer was warm, and the wine produced that year was very precious.

To all classes and conditions, here is a truth of the greatest practical importance—the certainty of a formative process that is going on within you; the relation of that which is formed to your eternal destiny; and your need of a revelation to yourself of what you are.—*Herald of Health.*

Test of Character.

A great many admirable acts are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who has had broken slumber, or any at all, while the nursing babe whose wants must not be disregarded; she would find sleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, serving all with a refreshing cup of tea or coffee before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back to her to be refilled before she has had time to taste her own.

Do you hear her complain—the weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this not for one, but every morning, perhaps, in the year?

Do you call this a small thing? Try it and see. Oh, how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! Ah! it is these little things which are tests of character; it is by those little self-denials, borne with such self-for-gotten gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant and the hand which kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold!

Festive Effects of Orange Peel.

Many years ago, says Dr. Gibbons, two little girls, sisters, four and six years of age, were seized with violent inflammation of the bowels from swallowing the rind of the orange. One of them died in convulsions, and the other had a narrow escape. Quite recently, a child something over a year old was attacked with violent dysenteric symptoms, for which no cause could be assigned. The attack came on during the passage of the family on the steamer from San Diego. The symptoms were identical with those which had previously been noticed to arise from poisoning by orange peel; and on inquiry, we were informed that it had been playing with an orange and nibbling at it just before the attack of disease. The discharges from the bowels were frequent and painful, and consisted of blood and mucus. After a week of severe enteric inflammation the child died. We have no doubt that the disease was brought on by the rind of the orange. Though but a small quantity must have been swallowed, yet a very small quantity of such an indigestible and irritating substance will often produce the most serious consequences. The oil of the rind is highly acrid, and adds greatly to the noxious quality of the indigestible mass. We learn that it is a common practice among children at some of our public schools to eat the rind, and that juvenile merchants have been known to trade off the inside of the fruit for the skins.

At the recent centennial celebration of Rutland, Vt., many curious relics were exhibited. Among them was "a letter written by our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, found under a great stone sixty-five years after His crucifixion, and reprinted in London in 1701."

Judge Baily, of Demopolis, Ala., was so affected by the news of the death of Gen. Lee, that he died instantly while sitting in his chair.

The Growth of Character.

BY R. W. BRICHER.

The mind's action is like that of an angler who works under water. He goes down in a diving-bell, and is hidden. The work progresses, and the structure rises, but it does not show above water at all. It is there, but it is deep-hidden and unnoticed. And the eternal foundations of the mind's character are laid far down and strong, the work being so out of sight that men do not see it nor suspect it.

So it is that men are being destroyed by faults of which they have no suspicion. For faults, many of them, are just like mines with which men blow up batteries and towers of fortifications. After all, they by whom the work is done break ground, and hidden and unseen they dig till they have carried the noise under the foundation. And the occupants of the place know not what is going on till the last moment, when the tower leaps into the air, as if it were filled with life, and that which served was a strong defense is a heap of ruins. I know men who have a mine laid right under the curtain-wall, which only awaits the day and the hour when it shall be fired. I know men who continually walk over mines capacious enough to hold forty big-heads of rum, but who do not know that it is under them. I know men that have mines dug under the very root of their life by risk that cannot be destroyed them. But they work under ground, and they will not notice them, and nobody will tell them of their danger, and they will perish. But though they do not know about these things, God knows about them, and the devil knows about them.

It is true that some of those faults, such as carry inconvenience to men, or such as break out by reason of their strength into visible conduct, receive attention; but not one in twenty of all those mental operations which are inwardly working to form that eternal character which shall carry reward or punishment, joy or woe, excites men's attention, or ever comes to their remembrance. It is a terrible thing to have this engineering going on in a man, and he know nothing about it, and take no account of it.

These men are insensibly filling up the mold and frame of their character in entire ignorance. Their passions, and thoughts, and fancies are like so many clerks. Suppose a man should neglect his business, and give unlimited power to his clerks, and they, in his counting-room, should go on signing papers, filling up checks, running him in debt, tying up his affairs, and he should know nothing about it? You have not less than forty clerks; and there is not a day in which one or another of them does not use past and ink that carry judgment in God's day of reckoning. They are writing what they please. Many of them are confidential clerks. One to pride; another to vanity; another to lust of power; another to greed of gain; and another to self-indulgence. If they go unrestrained, those clerks will break you, as sure as there is a God in Heaven. Many a clerk has broken his employer. You do not know your own condition. Your eternal affairs are becoming involved, your spiritual interests are being harassed, and you know nothing about it. All is done silently and secretly.

To all classes and conditions, here is a truth of the greatest practical importance—the certainty of a formative process that is going on within you; the relation of that which is formed to your eternal destiny; and your need of a revelation to yourself of what you are.—*Herald of Health.*

NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,
Unknown by man, but marked by angel's
eye:

These are not lost.

The sweet music of a tender strain,
Wrong from a poet's heart by grief and
pain,
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,
To busy crowds who scarcely pause to hear,
It is lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night,
Over soiled robes which once were pure and
white;
The prayers that rise like incense from the
soul
Longing for Christ to make it clean and
whole,
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our
youth,
When dreams had lost of self and more of
truth,
The childlike faith, so tranquil and so
sweet,
Which like Mary at the Master's feet;
These are not lost.

The kindly plan devised for other's good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love, that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woeful ways of
sin—
These are not lost.

Not lost, oh, Lord, for in Thy city bright,
Our eyes shall see the pest of clearer light;
And things long hidden from our gaze
below,
There with reveal, and we shall surely know
They were not lost.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN," "GROGE
CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART TWELVE.

CHAPTER XLV.

ARTHUR BOHUN'S DEATH.

A well-spread dinner-table of glass, and
china, and plates glittering under the rays of
the handsome chandelier in the dining-room
of Sir Nash Bohun's town house, Sir Nash
and his nephew Arthur are seated at it, one
good between them. It is General Strachan,
an old officer, Scotch by birth, who has just
come home after passing the best part of his
life in India.

The winter was departing. Arthur Bohun
looked better—Sir Nash pretty well. In a
month or two both intended to depart for
the German Spring, that were to renovate
Sir Nash's life.

General Strachan had been very intimate
with Sir Nash Bohun in early life, before he
went out at all to India. After he went out
he had been equally intimate with Major Bohun;
but he was only Captain Strachan.

"And so you think Arthur like his father?" observed Sir Nash, as he passed the claret.

"The very image of him," replied the
general. "I'm sure I should have known
him for Tom Bohun's son had I met him
accidentally in the street. Adair saw the like-
ness, too."

"What Adair's that?" carelessly asked Sir
Nash.

"William Adair. You saw me with him at
the club door this morning. We were going
in this morning as you came up."

Perhaps Sir Nash was a little struck with
the name. He called to mind a good-looking
blond, gentlemanly man, who had been
arm-in-arm with the general at the time
mentioned.

"But what Adair is it, Strachan?"

"What Adair? Why, the one who was in
India when—when poor Tom died. He was
Tom's greatest friend. Perhaps you have
never heard of him?"

"Yes, I have, to my sorrow," said Sir
Nash. "It was he who caused poor Tom's
death."

General Strachan apparently did not
understand.

"Who caused poor Tom's death?"

"Adair."

"Why bless me, where could you have
picked up that?" cried the general, in surprise.

"If Adair could have saved Tom's
life at any sacrifice to himself, he'd have
done it. They were close, firm friends to
the last."

Sir Nash seemed to be listening as though
he heard not.

"Of course we did not get at the par-
ticulars of my brother's death over here as
we should have done had we been on the
spot," he remarked. "We were glad, rather
to bush it up for the sake of Arthur. Poor
Tom got into some trouble, some disgrace—
and Adair led him into it. That's what we
have always heard."

"Then you heard wrong, Bohun," said the
general, rather bluntly. "Tom got into
debt, and I don't know what all—but it was
not Adair that led him into it. Who could
have told you that?"

"Mr. Bohun—Tom's widow."

"Oh, she," returned the general, in an
accent of contempt that spoke volumes.

"Why she—but never mind now," he broke
off, suddenly glancing at Arthur, as he re-
membered that she was his mother. "Let
bygones be bygones, Bohun," he added, sipping
his claret; "no good to recall them. Only
don't continue to believe aught against
William Adair. He is one of the best men
living, and always has been."

Arthur Bohun, who had sat still as a stone,
leaved his pale face a little towards the gen-
eral, and spoke.

"Did not Mr. Adair, after my father's
death, get into disgrace, and—undergo
its punishment?"

"Never. Adair got into no disgrace."

"Has he been a convict?" continued Ar-
thur, in a low, clear tone.

"A WHAT?" cried the general, putting
down his glass, and staring at Arthur in
astonishment. "My good young fellow, you
cannot know of whom you are speaking.
William Adair has been a respected man all
his life; he is just as honorable as your
mother was; and the world knew pretty well
what poor Tom's fastidious notions on the
point of honor were. Adair is a gentleman
amidst gentlemen; I can't say better of him

than that though I talked for an hour. He
is come into all the family honors and for-
tunes, which he never expected. A good old
Scotch family it is, too; better than mine. There,
we'll drop the subject now; no good to keep up things that are past and done
and over."

Sir Nash asked no more; neither did Arthur.
Some instinct lay within both of
them, that, for their own sakes, it might be
better not to talk.

But when the general left—which he did
very soon, having an evening engagement—
Arthur went out with him. Arthur Bohun
knew, as well as though he had been told,
that his wicked mother—he could but think
of her so in that moment—had dealt treach-
erously with him; to answer some end of
his own, she had calumniated Mr. Adair.
Cost him what pain and shame it might, he
would clear it up now.

"Will you give me the particulars; that
which you would not give my uncle?" began
Arthur, in agitation, the moment he were
out of the house, as he placed his hand on
the general's arm. "No master what they
are, must know them."

"I'll give them to your uncle and wel-
come," said the plain old soldier. "It was
me that told them to you."

"But I must learn them."

"Not from me."

"If you will not tell, I shall apply to Wil-
liam Adair."

"William Adair can give them you if he
pleases. I shall not. Take advice, my dear
young friend, and don't inquire."

"I will tell you what I suspect—that if
you had a hand in driving my father to
do what he did, it was his wife; my
mother. You may tell me."

"No. Because she is your mother."

"But I have the most urgent reason for
wishing to know the particulars."

"Well, Arthur Bohun, I'd rather not tell
you, and that's the truth. If poor Tom
could hear me in his grave, I don't think he'd
like it, you see. No, I don't. Let Adair
sue for all, if he will."

"Grovesnor Place. He and his daughter
are in a furnished house there. She is very
delicate."

"And—And you say—I beg your pardon, Gen-
eral, added Arthur in agitation, detaining
him as he was going away—"you say that
he is an untaught gentleman."

"Who? Adair? As taunted as you or
I, my young friend. Good-night."

In his mind's pleasure himself, any doing
seemed dreadful, and Arthur Bohun turned
at once to the house in Grosvenor Place. He
knew if he could see Mr. Adair.

"There is no Mr. Adair here, sir," he said.

Arthur looked up at the number. "Are
you sure?" he asked of the man. "I was
informed by General Strachan that Mr.
Adair had taken this house, and was living
here."

"The General must have said Sir Wil-
liam, sir. Sir William Adair lives here."

the want on me. It was I who had brought on the crisis, she said; it was I who had taken Babbeaton to her husband. I quietly told her that when I took Babbeaton to Major Bohun, I had not the remotest idea that she was mixed up with the affair in any way; and that if I had known it, knew what Babbeaton was, I never should have taken him, but have strives to deal with it myself, and keep it dark for my friend Bohun's sake. She would hear nothing; she was like a mad woman; she cursed me; she swore that not a word of it was true; that Babbeaton did not say it, could not have said it, but that I and Major Bohun had concocted the tale between us. In short, I think she was, for the time being, mad.

"Stay a moment, Sir William," interrupted Arthur. "Who was she? I have never known. I don't think my father's family ever did know."

"Neither did I ever know—to a certainty. A cousin, or sister, or some relative of hers had married a doctor in practice at Madras, and she was out there on a visit to them. Captain Bohun—as he was then—caught by her face and figure, both fair in those days, fell in love with her and married her. He found afterwards that her father kept a hotel somewhere in England."

"So! This was the high-born lady who had set up for being above all Dallyor. But for the whimsical self-control Arthur Bohun would have given out right."

"Go on, please," was all he said. "Get it finished."

"There is not much more," returned Sir William. "I went looking about for Bohun everywhere that afternoon; and could not find him. Just before sun-down he was found—found as—as I dare say you have heard. The spot was retired and shady, and his pistol lay beside him. He had not suffered: death must have been instantaneous."

"The report here was that he died of sunstroke," said Arthur, breaking a long pause.

"No doubt. Mrs. Bohun caused it to be so reported. The real facts transpired but to few: Cumberland, Captain Stanhope, myself, and two or three others."

"Did Mr. Cumberland know of them?" suddenly asked Arthur, a thought striking him.

"I dare say not. I don't suppose her husband would disclose to her the shameful tale. She was not on the spot at the time; had gone to nurse some friend who was sick. I respected them both highly. We made a kind of compact among ourselves, we men, not to speak of this story ever, unless it should be to defend Bohun, or for some other good purpose. We wished to give Mrs. Bohun a chance to redeem her sins and doings in her own land, for which she at once sailed. Arthur, if I have had to say this to you, it is to vindicate your dead father. I believe that your mother has dredged me over since."

Dreaded him! Ay! and foully aspersed him in her insidious dread. Arthur thought of the wicked invention she had raised, and passed his hands upon his face as if he could shut out the remembrance.

"What became of Babbeaton?" he asked, in a low tone.

"He disappeared. I think, else, I should surely have shot him in his turn, or kicked him to death. I saw him afterwards in Australia dying in the most abject misery."

"And the claims?—the bills?"

"I took them upon myself; and contrived to pay—with time."

"You left India for Australia?" continued Arthur, after a pause.

"My health failed, and I petitioned our government to remove me to a different climate. They complied, and sent me to Australia. I stayed there, trying to accumulate a competency that should enable me to live at home with Ellen as befitting my family: little supposing that I was destined to become its head. My two cousins, Sir Archibald's sons, have died one after the other."

Arthur Bohun had heard all he wished, perhaps all there was to tell. If—if he could make his peace with Ellen, the old relations between them might yet be renewed. But while his heart bounded with the hope, the red shame crimsoned his brow as he thought of the past. Glancing at the time-piece on the mantle-shelf, he saw it was only half past nine; not too late.

"May I see your daughter, sir?" he asked in a low tone. "We used to be good friends."

"So I suppose," replied Sir William. "You made love to her, Mr. Arthur Bohun. You would have married her, I believe, but that I stopped it."

"You stopped it!" exclaimed Arthur, quite at sea; for he had not known of the letter received by Ellen.

"I wrote to Ellen telling her I must forbid her to marry you. I feared at the time of writing that the interdict might not arrive in time. But it seems it did."

"Yes," abstractedly returned Arthur, letting pass what he did not understand.

"You see, I had been thinking of you always as belonging to her—your mother—more than to me. That mistake is over. I shall value you now as son; more I dare say than I shall ever value any other young man in this world."

Arthur's breath came fast and thick. "Then—you—you will give her to me, sir?" Sir William shook his head in sadness. Arthur understood the meaning.

"The probability is, sir, that I shall be Sir Arthur Bohun; that I shall succeed my uncle in the baronetcy. Would it not satisfy you?"

"You can see her if you will," was Sir William's answer, but there was the same kind of denial in his manner. "I would not say no now for your father's sake. She is in the drawing-room. Up-stairs, front room. I will join you as soon as I have written a note."

Arthur found his way to it by instinct. Ellen was lying back in an easy chair; the brilliant light of the chandelier shining on her face. Opening the door softly, it—that face—was the first object that struck his sight. And he started back from it in a kind of amazed terror.

Was it death that he saw written there? All too surely the conviction came home to him.

On! but it was a more momentous interview than the one just over. Explaining he knew not how, explaining he knew not well, save that his love had never left her, Arthur Bohun knelt at her feet, and they mingled their sobs together. For some minutes neither could understand the other; but elucidation came at last. Arthur told her that the wicked tale, the trifling treachery which had parted them was but a concocted fable on his mother's part, and then he found that Ellen had never known anything about the tale.

"What then did you think was the matter with me?" he asked.

And she told him. She told him without

reserve, now that she found how untrue it was. She thought he had given her up for another: Madam had informed her he was about to marry Miss Dallyor.

He took in the full sense of what the words implied: of the very abject light in which his conduct must have appeared to her. Going to marry Mary Dallyor! A gross burst from him: he covered his face to hide his shame and trouble.

"Ellen! Ellen! You could not have thought it of me."

"It was what I did think. How was I to think anything else? Your mother said it."

"Lord forgive her her sins!" he wailed, in his despair. Ellen hid her face.

"It was enough to kill you, Ellen. No wonder you look like this."

She was panting a little. Her breath seemed very short.

"Pray heaven I may be enabled to make it up to you when you are my wife. I will try hard, my darling."

A spasm took his heart. The words struck him as being so very real.

"Arthur, I have known it for some time now. You must not grieve for me. I think even that death is rather near."

"What has killed you? I?"

A fresh pang over her wan face. Yes, he had killed her. That is, his conduct had: the sensitive crimson betrayed it.

"I suppose the fact is, I should not in any case have lived long," she said, aloud. "I believe they feared something of the kind for me years ago. Arthur, don't! Don't weep; I cannot bear it."

Sir William Adair had just told him how his father had wept in his misery. And before Arthur could well collect himself, Sir William entered.

"You see," he whispered aside to Arthur, "why it may not be. There will be no marriage for her in this life. I am not surprised. I seem to have expected it always: my wife, her mother, died of decline."

Arthur Bohun quitted the house overwhelmed with shame and sorrow. What regret is there like unto that for past mistaken conduct, which can never be repaired, never remedied in this world?

CHAPTER XLVI.

NO HOPE.

Once more, and for good, does the scene change to Dallyor.

Sent on the lawn-bench at Dallyor Hall, in the sweet spring sunshine—for the time has again gone on—was Ellen Adair. Sir William Adair and Arthur Bohun were pacing amidst the flower-beds that used to be Mr. North's. Arthur stooped and plucked a magnifico pink hyacinth.

"It is not treason, sir, is it?" he asked, smiling.

"What is not treason?" returned the elder man.

"To pick this."

"Pick as many as you like," said Sir William.

"Mr. North never liked us to pluck his flowers. Now and then Madam would make a ruthless swoop upon them for her entertainments. It grieved his heart bitterly; and I think that was whence we got an idea that he did not like us to pluck them."

"No wonder," said Sir William.

The restoration to the old happiness, the clearing-up of the dreadful cloud that had so fatally told upon her, seemed to infuse new vigor into Ellen's shortening span of life. With the exception of her father, everybody thought she was recovering; the doctors admitted, rather dubiously, that it "might be." She got wonderfully well through the winter, went out and about almost as of old—and when more genial weather set in, it was suggested by friends that she should be taken to a warmer climate. Ellen opposed it; it would be of no avail she knew, perhaps only hasten on the end; and after a private interview Sir William had with the doctors, as did not record it. Her great wish was to go to Dallyor; and arrangements for their removal thither were made.

Dallyor Hall was empty, and Sir William found that he could occupy it for the present, if he pleased. Mr. North had removed to the house that had been Mrs. Cumberland's, leaving his own furniture (no point of fact it was Richard's) at the Hall, hoping the next tenant, whoever that might prove to be, would take to it. Miss Dallyor seemed quite undecided what to do with the Hall, whether to let it for a term again or not. But she was quite willing that Sir William Adair should have it for a month or two.

And so he came down with Ellen, bringing his servants. This was only the third day after their arrival, and Mr. Arthur Bohun had arrived. Sir William had told him he might come when he would.

Arthur Bohun was still unconsciously twirling that pink hyacinth about in his fingers. Becoming aware to the fact, he offered it to her, putting it in her lap. A wan smile parted her lips.

"You should not have given it to me, Arthur."

"Why?"

Ellen took it up and smelt it. The perfume was very strong.

"Why should I not have given it to you?"

"Don't you know what the hyacinth is emblem of?"

"No."

"Death."

One quick, pained glance at her. She was smiling yet, and looking rather fondly at the flower. Captain Bohun took both flower and hand in his.

"I always thought you liked hyacinths, Ellen."

"I have always liked them very much indeed. And I like the perfume—although it has something in it faint and sickly."

He quietly flung the flower on the grass, and put his boot on it to stamp out its beauty. A nearer emblem of death, now, than it was before; but he did not think of that.

"I'll find you a sweater flower presently, Ellen. And you know—"

A visitor was crossing the lawn to approach them. It was Mary Dallyor. She had not yet been to see Ellen. Something said by Mrs. Gass had sent her now. Happening to call on Mrs. Gass that morning, Mary heard for the first time of the love that had so long existed between Captain Bohun and Miss Adair, and that the course of the love had been forcibly interrupted by Madam, who had put forth the plea to Ellen that her son was engaged to Miss Dallyor.

Mary eat a mate surprise, recalling facts and fancies. "I know that Madam would have liked her son to marry me; the hints she gave me on the point were too broad for me to mistake that," returned Mary to Mrs. Gass. "Neither I nor Captain Bohun had any such thought or intention; we understood each other too well."

"Look upon you again as my mother, I can. I will help you when you need help; and far will I not be the part of a son to you;" said Mrs. Gass.

but all respect for you has been forced out of me; and I would prefer that we should not meet very often."

Madam went off the same day to Germany, Matilda and Jessie, the maid, in her wake. Letters came from her to say she should never go back to Dallyor, never, probably never out of her foot on British soil again; and therefore she desired that a suitable income might be secured to her abroad.

"What?" exclaimed Mary.

"Ever since that time when she first went to the Hall on Mrs. Cumberland's death, she has been waiting and waiting away. Her father, Sir William, has now brought her to Dallyor, not to try if the change might restore her, for nothing but a miracle would do that, but because she took a whim to come. Did you hear that she was very ill?"

"Yes, I heard that."

"Well then, I believe it is nothing else but this business, that has made her ill—Captain Bohun's deserting of her for you. She was led to believe it was so—and until then, they were wrapped up in each other."

Mary Dallyor felt her face grow hot and cold. She had been entirely innocent of ill-intention; but the words struck a strange chill of repentence to her heart.

"I don't understand," she said in a frightened tone. "Captain Bohun knew there was nothing between us; that there was not the shadow of a pretense of it:

"Because he and she had parted on another score; they had been parted through a lie of Madam's who wanted him to marry you. I don't rightly know what the lie was: something frightfully grave; something he could not repeat again to Miss Adair; and Miss Adair never heard it, and thought it was as Madam said—that he had turned his love over to you."

Mary sat as one struck dumb, thinking of the past. There was a long pause.

"How did you get to know this?" she breathed.

"Ah, well—partly through Mr. Richard. And I sat an hour talking with poor Miss Ellen yesterday, and caught a hint or two then."

"I will set it straight," said Mary, feeling, though without cause, bitterly repentant.

"My dear, it has been all set straight between us since the winter. Nevertheless, Miss Mary, was too late. Madam did her crafty work well."

"Madam deserves to be drawn through the place at the cart's tail" was the impulsive rejoinder of Miss Dallyor.

She betook herself to the Hall there and then. And this explains her approach. Things had become pretty clear to her as she walked along. She had never been able to account for the manner in which Ellen seemed to have shunned her, to have avoided all approach to intimacy or friendship. That Mary Dallyor had favored the impression that was abroad of Arthur Bohun's possible engagement to her, she was now all too conscious; or, at any rate, had not attempted to refute it. But she had never thought she was doing harm to any one.

Just as Arthur Bohun had started back when he first saw Ellen in the winter, so did Miss Dallyor start now. Was and wanted! ay, indeed. Mary felt half sick to think what share she had held in it.

She said nothing at first. Room was made for her on the bench, and they talked of indifferent matters. Sir William came up and was introduced. Presently he and Arthur strolled to a distance.

Mary spoke then. Just a word or two, she said, of the misapprehension that had existed; and burst forth into her accusations.

"Ellen, I would have died rather than have caused you pain. Oh, if I had but known! Arthur and I were familiar with each other as brother and sister; never a thought of ought else was in our minds. If I let people think there was, why—it was done in a kind of coquetry. I had somebody else in my head you see, all the while, and that's the truth. And I am afraid I enjoyed the disappointment that would ensue for Madam."

Ellen smiled faintly. "It seems to have been a complication altogether. A kind of ill-fate that I suppose there was no avoiding."

"You must get well, and be his wife."

"Ay, I wish I could."

But none could be wishing that as Arthur was. Hope deceived him; he confidently thought that a month or two would see her better. Just for a few days the doubtful improvement in her continued.

One afternoon they drove to Dallyor's courtyard. Ellen and her father, Arthur, sitting opposite them in the carriage. A faint had taken her that she would once more look on Mrs. Cumberland's grave; and Sir William said he should like to see it.

The marble stone was up now, with its inscription, "Fanny, widow of the Reverend George Cumberland, Government Chaplain, and daughter of the late William Gass, Esq., of Whitelrough." There was no mention of her marriage to Captain Bohun. Perhaps Dr. Rane fancied the name was not in very good odor just now, and so omitted it. The place where the round had been disturbed to take up those other coffins had been filled again with earth.

Ellen drew Sir William's attention to a green spot near, overshadowed by the drooping branches of a tree that waved its leaves in the breeze, and flickered the grass beneath with ever-changing light and shade.

"It is the prettiest spot in all the churchyard," she said, touching his arm. "And yet no one has ever chosen it."

"It is very pretty, Ellen, but solitary."

"Will you let us be here, page?"

He understood the soft whisper, and slightly nodded, compressing his lips. Sir William was not deceived. Years had elapsed, but to him it seemed to be his wife's case over again. There had been no hope for her; there was none for Ellen.

"25" In the "dress-making suit" now in course of trial at Boston, one of the witnesses testified that he had made dresses at \$200 apiece, while the girls working upon those expensive garments were paid from \$2 to \$12 per week. One of the girls employed on the costly garments, the price of which is in dispute, testified that she received \$7 a week. It may here be mentioned that the verdict of the jury for the "fashionable dressmaker" was \$1,100,000, not one-fifth of the amount claimed.

"26" The resignation of Secretary Cox leaves but one of President Grant's original appointees in the Cabinet—Postmaster-General Crosswell.

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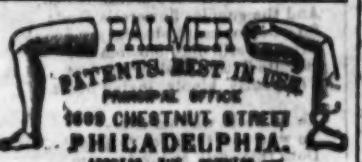
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WIT AND HUMOR.

Memoranda of Charles Dickens.

BY BARFIELD TOWN.

It is surprising that since Mr. Dickens's death no one should have conceived the idea of writing a sketch of that illustrious author. It is perhaps too much to require that some competent person prepare his biography, but the public have a right to expect at least a few reminiscences. I am permitted to sketch the following imperfect outline only from a conviction that the great novelist has in this respect been neglected. I trust I shall not be deemed to have broken the seal of private confidence in thus disclosing how well I know him, and (what is still more remarkable) how well he knows me.—

(While Mr. Dickens was on his first visit to this country, the writer had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. He put up in Philadelphia, at a well-known and fashionable boarding-house kept by an aunt of mine, at the corner of Second and Thirteenth streets. He never said anything while there, until he came to pay his board bill, when, bidding my aunt farewell, he observed: "Mrs. Bagot, for ignorance and brevity, your steaks surpass any I have ever met with." Aunt Bagot had those words neatly framed, and they have hung in her back parlor to this day.)

Before he came again, the country had made wonderful progress. A new generation had been born, including myself.

When the steamer was signalled, I went down on the wharf. Dickens was standing near the rail, and wore a coat, vest, pants, and a hat. I couldn't make out through the glass how much they cost, and I forgot to ask him afterward. Shortly after she had hauled into the dock, I went on board. We shook hands. Mr. Dickens had a peculiar way of reserving his right hand for this purpose, though on great occasions he would use both. We employed all four, with the understanding that a more formal demonstration should be made at Parker's. I offered to carry his valise. Graciously declining my services, he bestowed his appreciation of my delicate attention by presenting me on the spot with a complete set of his works—Author's Edition.

"My dear fellow," he whispered, "there's a Boston man down below, blacking my other pair of boots, who'd feel hurt if I should let anybody else take that bag."

I called upon him as soon as he was fairly settled, and found him in his shirt-sleeves, writing vigorously. Mr. Dickens's intimate friends are aware that he indulged in the habit, while writing, of occasionally dipping his pen in the inkstand. I don't remember much about the room except that there were several chairs (good chairs) and a table in it. The distinguished occupant was sitting about nine and a half feet from the door facing the Southwest, his hair well brushed, head a little inclined to the right, except his eyes, which were inclined to twinkle as though he had just hit upon something particularly bright and happy. The carpet was green with a red figure. You could see in a moment that he was a man of genius. The room was lighted with gas. Was it possible that the immortal author of "Dickens's Works" was before me? (Upon the table was a cigar, half consumed, an instant, three pen-holders, a bundle of envelopes, a brass key, several bouquets, a paper-cutter, a stick of sealing-wax, a quantity of writing-paper, a table-cloth (spread), a newspaper (the date has escaped me), and such other things as are usually on such tables.)

Dickens, as soon as he saw me, stopped writing, wiped his pen, ran his fingers through his hair, took out his watch and wound it up, brushed his coat and put it on (not forgetting to place a rose in the button-hole), and then, waving his hands very gracefully (he wore high-priced studs and a pair of elaborately built sleeve-buttons), addressed me as follows:—

Mr. Dickens (with tender embrace.) Sarsfield!!!!

Mr. Young (representing American Literature.) Charles!!!!

The remainder of our conversation was devoted to minor topics.

Early one morning we started from the Parker House, and walking rapidly over West Boston bridge passed through Cambridge, by the Colleges, and kept on traveling, without speaking a word, the best part of a couple of days. I should judge, though I didn't have my watch with me. Suddenly he asked the name of the town we were rapidly approaching.

"Great Barrington," said I.

"Is it possible?" said he. And we turned and walked home again.

His first reading in America was a private one to me. We had come in from a thirty-mile walk, and I was somewhat tired.

Taking up the second volume of his History of England, he began in an easy, careless way. So did I. I went to sleep. Just as he was finishing the book I woke up; and when he asked me how I liked it, I told him frankly that, in my opinion, it never would do in the world—the plot was too eccentric.

He was a kind man. Frequently he would ride for days together up and down a railroad, for no other purpose than to help take cinders out of people's eyes.

He was fond of oysters, of children, dogs, and an international copyright. I remember his meeting me once on Broadway and he didn't recognize me. He never mentioned the incident afterward. It has been said that he was also fond of dress. I regret that I never asked him about this, though I recall the circumstance of my inquiring where he had his vests made. Said he: "My waistcoats were made abroad."

He never liked to sit for his photograph; consequently, he generally stood up.

It pleased him to receive letters requesting his autograph and a lock of his hair. The articles were invariably sent by return mail. He was also gratified at the privilege of shaking hands with people whom he was never to see again. I once humored him by introducing in a body two fire companies and a Sunday school.

As we parted he gave me excellent advice: "Write with vigor," said he, "with sincerity, and bite ink; but don't write novels. It might injure the sale of my books." I promised him I would not, and we saw each other no more.—Punchinello.

Mark Twain has given us, in the Galaxy, some delicious hits of obituary poetry, but here are some lines on a Kansas baby, seven months old, which is quite equal to the samples of the humorist:—

Our cottage, aye, is leavenless now,
We see the dross and ddb;
But not the eye and noble brow
That filled her empty orb.



THE NURSERY DINNER.

MAMMA.—"It's very naughty of you, Fanny, to say you won't have your dinner, and really wicked to say it's nasty, after having said your grace so prettily!"

FANNY.—"Yes, but, mamma, I wouldn't have said grace if I'd known it was Irish stew!"

A Capital Joke,

And all the more palatable because it is true, and can be vouched for, took place a few Sundays since at one of the prominent New Jersey churches. It seems that a worthy deacon had been very industrious in selling a new church book, costing seventy-five cents. At the service in question, the minister, just before dismissing the congregation, rose and said:—"All you who have children to baptize will please present them next Sabbath." The deacon, who, by the way, was a little deaf, having an eye to selling the books, and supposing his pastor was referring to them, immediately jumped up and shouted, "And all you who haven't any, can go as many as you want by calling on me, at seventy-five cents each."

The preacher looked cross-eyed at the brothers, the brothers looked at the clergyman; the audience paused the audience in the side, the bubble grew larger until it burst into a loud guffaw; ladies colored up, crimsoned, blushed, and thanked the lord for the low price of populating the earth. There was no benediction that morning worth speaking of.

The deacon, after he had found out his mistake, changed his pew from the front of the church to the third from the rear; and though he cannot hear the sermon, he is consoled with the thought that the young ladies can't snicker at him.

Trading Horses.

The Methodist begins an article on "Religion and Business" in this striking way:—A few weeks since, while travelling in one of the New England states, we met an eccentric old man who combines the occupations of farmer, horse-dealer and colporteur.

In his "work of mercy," as he styles his colportage, he distributes tracts gratuitously, and sells Bibles and other religious books at cost to those who can pay for them, and gives them away to the poor. We were very much impressed, as well as amused, with one remark which the old man made in the course of the conversation. "Now," said he, "when I start on a work of mercy, and stop to deal in horses, I never have good luck. The fact is, I don't want the Lord around when I'm trading horses!"

A TOUGH CASE.—Elder Knapp, while baptizing converts at a revival meeting in Arkansas, advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap into the water. He asked the usual question, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause, a tall, power-looking man, with an eye like a blaze, who was leaning on a long rifle and quietly looking on, said: "Elder, I don't want to interfere any in thy tire business; but I want to say, that is a hardened old sinner you have got hold of, and I know that one dip won't do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him, you'll have to another him out in deep water over night."

An Obvious Illustration.

Customer.—"Waiter, do you call this a milk toast?—why, there's no milk to be seen."

"Waiter.—"Milk all gone into the toast."

Customer.—"But there's no toast to speak of."

Waiter.—"Toast all gone into the milk, sir."

Customer.—"Ah, ha!—there's an idea in that, by Jove. I'll go straight home and write a pamphlet upon the new theory of mutual absorption."

Waiter.—"Yes sir. Don't forget to mention the Kilkenny Cat, sir!"—Punchinello.

"Mind them first."

Two years ago, during a great rivalry between two hotels in Massachusetts, both houses running free coaches, one of the proprietors had put every available vehicle on the road, among which was one in a most dilapidated condition, threatening dissolution with every bounce. This coach was driven to the depot, and having secured two passengers, the driver drove in triumph to the hotel, which he approached with a grand flourish of the whip and air of the greatest triumph. Calling upon a waiter to open the coach door to help out the passengers, the coach was found to be empty!

"Where the dickens are they?" said the proprietor, as he looked in with a glance of consternation.

"They dropped through the bottom, up here about a mile," said a little fellow who had just then drove up, and old Watton, of the Horseshoe, picked 'em up and carried 'em home."

"Did he?" said the landlord; "well, by thunder, I knew I had 'em first—there's some consolation in that; the other house has to be content with my leavings."

"I love the world the more, because I know it is God's world, even as a dry leaf, given by a lover, is dearer than all pearls from whose loves us not.—Theodore Parker."

Mark Twain has given us, in the Galaxy, some delicious hits of obituary poetry, but here are some lines on a Kansas baby, seven months old, which is quite equal to the samples of the humorist:—

Our cottage, aye, is leavenless now,

We see the dross and ddb;

But not the eye and noble brow

That filled her empty orb.

WE ARE SEVEN.—The first verse of Wordsworth's well-known poem, "We are Seven," was written by Coleridge. Wordsworth composed this poem backward, beginning at the last verse and going upward. He and Coleridge were staying in a friend's house at the time of its composition. Wordsworth was summing up to ten when he had finished all but the first verse, and Coleridge told him to go into the drawing-room, and he would complete it for him.

WORDSWORTH IN CONVERSATION.—It is curious to observe that, both in Wordsworth's prose writings and in his conversation, his style was essentially the opposite of that which he adopted in his poems, evidently proving that the latter style was the result rather of theory than of his natural turn of mind. His mode of talking sometimes resembled a moral declamation; it was happily described by a remark which one of his little grandsons, a clever child, once made: "Grandpapa," he exclaimed, looking up in amazement, "is reading without a book!"

AGRICULTURAL.

We Should Raise More Stock in the South.

BY A SOUTHERNER.

One of the great defects of the farming practice of the South is want of attention to stock of all kinds. On many places well adapted to the raising of cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses, the farm work is done by mules, obtained from slaves; the laborers are fed on pork produced in the West, the butter used by the family comes from the grocer, the cattle and sheep are poor, ill fed and neglected, and the hogs few and unthrifty in comparison with what they should be.

Our farmers should understand that the great reliance for the improvement of the soil is upon the stock of the farm. Without stock a sufficient supply of domestic manures cannot be made, and the farm will inevitably decline in fertility until its cultivation ceases to be profitable. Moreover the farmer who tries it will find that it is more profitable to turn his surplus grain and roots into beef, pork, mutton, butter, and a copious supply of valuable home-made manure, than to send it off to market at a heavy expense for transportation. These remarks are more especially applicable to our uplands of moderate fertility. On rich alluvial lands and swamps grain is made in sufficient quantities to justify its sale. And in the interior wheat on improved lots is generally a good farming crop. Our farmers generally accept the principle that it is not profitable to raise corn for market on their uplands, but they do not inquire sufficiently into the question whether on such lands grain may not be profitably raised for stock.

In Europe they keep large herds and flocks, by means of their fine meadows and pastures, and by raising large quantities of roots, for winter feeding. By this means, they not only have the finest meat, but milk, butter, cheese, and wool; and raise manure enough to keep their lands up to the highest point of productivity. We might adopt their system here, with some modification, with great advantage. There are no better natural pastures in the union, than may be found in the mountain districts of the south, as well as those below the water, in the eastern parts. As our winters are short, it will require comparatively a small area to be planted in roots, and clover, and other grasses, to support a large stock.

The manure raised, instead of being applied to grain crops, as in the old countries and in the Northern states, where the system has been adopted to some extent should here be applied to cotton. I know from my own experience, that even under the old system, where the stock are allowed to run in the woods, during summer, and are sparingly fed during winter, with the offal of the grain crop, sufficient manure can be raised per head to make a four hundred pound bale of cotton. If they were provided with good summer pastures, and with plenty of hay, and turnips during the winter, the quantity of manure would be incalculably increased, and its quality much enhanced.

The more root crops, the more stock; the more stock, the more manure, the more cotton. Under this system, we might make as much cotton as we do, on one-third of the land, save the money paid for fertilizers, and supply ourselves with an abundance of fat beef and mutton, milk and butter, articles that are extremely rare, even on the tables of our wealthiest farmers—the more shame to them that they are so.

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